

IRISH PROBLEM IS FOR BRITAIN, NOT PRESIDENT WILSON, TO SOLVE

THAT motion in parliament by John Dillon, Irish nationalist leader, that the problem of a settlement between England and Ireland be submitted to president Wilson, is a compliment to president Wilson, but impracticable.

In arguing the motion, Mr. Dillon informed the house of commons that "no one in Ireland believes in any pledge of the British government or that the government would stick to any policy whatever." If the Irish leader, in the warmth of his argument, did not grossly exaggerate, or even if his statement is approximately true, it means the existence of a want of confidence between Ireland and England that Americans had hardly dreamed of.

Not a want of confidence on the part of Ireland entirely unjustified. One does not need to go back through the years of Ireland's strained relations with England for an illustration. It has been months since premier Lloyd George announced in parliament that a basis had been found for arranging future relations with Ireland by granting a generous measure of home rule. This was in connection with a statement of the findings of the Irish convention which drew up a program of home rule including an Irish parliament and a partial scheme of taxation. At the same time the premier announced a plan for forcing conscription on Ireland.

The conscription plan embittered the Irish, although they ought to have realized that the war against Germany is as much their war as England's, and that there is nothing to indicate that it turned them as a unit against the home rule plan. There still remains an important factor in Ireland which is opposed to home rule. One of the difficulties in trying to settle the Irish problem has been that the Irish people have not been able to agree on any plan. Nevertheless, since it appears that a probable majority of the Irish favor some kind of self government, the British national administration ought to have gone ahead and proclaimed the home rule plan in effect and should have cooperated with the Irish home rulers to put it in effect. Nothing of that sort has been done. In fact, nothing of any sort has been done. The home rule plan was not put in effect and conscription has not been enforced. Thus two pledges stand unfulfilled.

It is a constant embarrassment to Great Britain, in standing as the defender of small nationalities, to be reminded of Ireland, apathetic and even rebellious to the point where one faction has actually gone so far as to foster German enterprises against Great Britain. Naturally, then, the British government ought to do everything possible to remove the friction between the government and Ireland, seeking thus to eliminate the Irish apathy and rebellious spirit. The Irish malady ought to be treated by Great Britain as pathological rather than criminal. It is not too much to say that the Sinn Feiners who took up arms against Great Britain and conspired with Germany for the overthrow of the British government deserved their fate, but it is evident that such measures of cauterization are not to be prescribed as a cure for the greater Irish illness.

But it is for Great Britain and not the United States to deal with Ireland. It is true that, owing to the Irish suspicion of everything that emanates from England and owing also to the Irish confidence in everything that emanates from Washington, it would be easier for president Wilson to outline an acceptable settlement than for England to do so. Both sides would have confidence in the mediator, which is a very essential preliminary to negotiations of that character. They regard president Wilson as a product of American democracy, as a sincere and conscientious exponent of world democracy, as a detached champion of the rights of small peoples, as a fair and intelligent man who may be relied upon to give both sides a square deal.

But assuming that president Wilson would consent to be an arbitrator between Ireland and Britain, and supposing he had the time to undertake and carry through so large a task, the fact would remain that after a settle-

Texas Has A Good Governor

THE nomination of W. P. Hobby for governor, defeating James E. Ferguson by about two to one, means the election of Mr. Hobby for governor and much more than that. It gives the stamp of the people's approval to the record of Mr. Hobby in the governorship since he succeeded Mr. Ferguson and it stands as the verdict of the people in the case of Gov. Ferguson versus the Texas legislature, the legislature having impeached and removed Mr. Ferguson as governor and Mr. Ferguson having appealed.

Mr. Ferguson chose to ascribe his impeachment to a clique politically opposed to him and his plea to the voters was for vindication. He has his answer. Despite the backing of many influential and loyal friends and notwithstanding a certain oratorical ability and charm of manner which he is credited with possessing, an overwhelming majority of the state's voters turned thumbs down when they came to his name on the ballot. Their vote was in condemnation of his gubernatorial record and in approval of the record of Mr. Hobby, both in and out of the governor's chair.

For Mr. Ferguson nothing remains but to accept the majority verdict with the best grace possible and thank his friends for standing by him. Before Gov. Hobby lies the opportunity to make Texas a really great war governor. That he will measure up to the standard is evident from his achievements in cooperation with the legislature in enacting wartime legislation. While supporting the government in every possible way to help win the war, Gov. Hobby can be expected to administer the internal affairs of the state wisely and satisfactorily.

It's almost certain that these thousand new ships will not bear the names of politicians.

To El Pasoans, the summer rains are delightful for variety's sake, for cooling the air—and for affording relief from outrageous water bills.

Here's a fine question for statistical sharps: Does the ship step system save more in coal than it wastes in shoe leather?

Owing to the pressing needs of the time, president Wilson seems to have forgiven Charles M. Schwab for being a Republican.

So staunch a Democratic newspaper as the Houston Post does not always approve administration methods. The Post says: "The president certainly handed representative Slayden a package and we must say the weight of it far exceeded the dignity or wisdom of it."

Little Interviews

Plenty Of Bait At Hand For Fishermen Down The Valley War's Demands Are Educational To Many El Paso Women

OVERS of fishing need not leave El Paso county to gratify their desire to angle," said G. B. Taylor, "The Rio Grande is well stocked this year and in the vicinity of Fabens anglers can gratify all reasonable aspirations for his catches. Minnow bait also abounds, while black rabbits, also good for bait, may be shot on the same, so that the fisherman need not stray far when he goes fishing in El Paso county."

"I think it would be well if the housewives would do less canning of preserves," said Mrs. J. T. Wallace, "on account of the short supply of sugar, or at least do not preserve the fruit that requires a great deal of sugar. In many places the food administration has forbidden the canning of watermelon preserves and sweet pickles. There are many other places that we can give up some preserves."

"I just returned from Houston," said E. B. Latham, "and I wouldn't wonder if they give the mosquitoes the whole country. The mosquitoes are everywhere."

"The women of El Paso have certainly been fighting a hard battle in canning that I have heard here," said Mrs. Lou Stallman. "The classes with the most money and the most leisure will be a number of the El Paso housewives graduated. Those who have raised chickens and have been the work of canning fruits and vegetables only recently, and there are an enormous amount of fruit still to be canned in large quantities, and all the people in this city have learned about preserving will be of inestimable value."

"With the long list of substitutes now allowed by the government, the people of this city are experiencing no difficulty whatever in using these substitutes at an advantage," said George F. Smith. "When we first began to sell an equal quantity of flour and substitutes our customers reported that they had no use for the substitutes, but now they all admit they can use the substitutes advantageously. One woman who recently said she found her cost of living much cheaper by the use of rice, buckwheat and oatmeal than the wheat products and are just as substantial."

"One of the features of the Labor day parade, which will mark the dedication of the Liberty statue, will be a float advertising the army recruiting service," said E. J. Lyons. "A large auto truck has been loaned to the recruiting party for this day, and the float will be made up of army recruiting posters. This is not an error. The float will be a valuable object, but why offer the people of El Paso a living sacrifice upon the altar of fuel conservation to any greater degree than they are already? Why, in a month's time we would be having street car service of a car every half hour on Boulevard, with stops every nine blocks. Fares would probably jump to a dime, and the surplus stock of cars not in use, which already crowd their yards on Cotton avenue, would have to be taken to a new yard would have to be built. Monopoly is always a dangerous thing."

"Of all the little suggestions that have assailed my ears since the war began, this idea of eliminating the times and delivering the public over to the tender mercies of a street car corporation is the craziest," said E. J. Lyons. "Conservation of gasoline and oil is a laudable object, but why offer the people of El Paso a living sacrifice upon the altar of fuel conservation to any greater degree than they are already? Why, in a month's time we would be having street car service of a car every half hour on Boulevard, with stops every nine blocks. Fares would probably jump to a dime, and the surplus stock of cars not in use, which already crowd their yards on Cotton avenue, would have to be taken to a new yard would have to be built. Monopoly is always a dangerous thing."

Mrs. MIN NUGENT has "same flat-iron she broke up housekeeping" with. A text as "awful" company is making a new uniform for constable Newt Plum.

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Uncle Walt's Denatured Poem.

Coming Back

THE gray haired men are coming back, for duty they're enrolled, the men who one time got the sack because they were too old. The younger men have gone to fight and shake the tyrants' thrones, and there is need for every wight who has ten finger bones. And now the gent with wintry locks may vindicate his claim that Oler's much exploited talks were but a sin and shame. "Young blood" for years has been the cry, in every busy mart; the gray haired man might go and die or will break his heart. The gray haired man has made his row, for justice he has called; he showed him off from every door, because his head was bald. And now he has the wished for chance to show he's good as wheat; now he may conquer circumstances and get there with both feet. Old prejudice he'll trample flat, and show he's good as new, and he will prove that Oler's hat was used for taking through. The old boy leaves his easy chair, his slippers and his boots; his cocktails flapping in the air, he's doing things gascooke!

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WALT MASON.

Shattered Hopes

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By Winsor McCay



The Young Lady Across The Way

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Little Lou's illness brings Louise Remorse and Sudden Wish For Mrs. Hampton's Presence.

I HAD been fast asleep and awake suddenly at a sound from the nursery. The door of communication between our room and Lou's was left open at night. Was the child calling me?

I sat up in bed and listened. Lou was muttering, as if in her sleep, of only half awake.

I put on my slippers and wrapper and went into the nursery. The night lamp I carried showed me the white bed and the small figure on it. Setting down the lamp, I bent over the bed. The child was asleep, but was talking in disconnected fragments. I laid my hand on her forehead. It was very hot.

Call for grandmother. At my touch my little girl spread her eyes and looked at me dully, as though she did not recognize me. "Grandmother!" she muttered, drowsily.

"No, darling, it is mother, not grandmother," I corrected. "Oh," she opened her eyes wider and gazed at me in surprise. "I thought it was grandmother," she said, distinctly. Where is she?

Her eyes closed and she was asleep again before I could answer. I stood watching her, said listening to her breathing. What was the matter with her? She had not taken cold, for, although her breath was rapid, there was no hoarse rattling such as had frightened me when, as a baby, she had coughed.

I recalled suddenly that attack of fever. I recalled that tower of strength Mrs. Hampton had been then. She had known just what to do. If she

A Serial Of Universal Appeal

The Other Woman

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

(Continued From Saturday's Herald)

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THE young lady across the way says we can't all go to war but we can all help by giving up everything else and following the primrose path of duty.

Workers in American ship building yards have increased in number in one year from 15,000 to 350,000—3 from 15,000.

MARRIED LIFE



Waiting On A Hot Day For A Train At The Depot Gate: Human Nature

By R. C. R.

IT WAS HOT. AND THERE was a little crowd. STANDING AT the gate. THAT LED through. TO THE train. THAT WENT to the country. WHERE IT WAS cooler. AND SOME of us. HAD BEEN standing there. FOR the longest time. AND WE were tired. AND SORE. AND THERE was one man. WITH A gray moustache. THAT WAS closely cropped. AND A nice gray suit. AND A silk shirt. THAT WASN'T loud. AND AN air about him. THAT MADE you feel. THAT WHOEVER he was. HE WAS worth while. AND ANYWAY. WE were standing there. AND GETTING sore at each other. FOR CROWDING up close. AND HATING the railroad. FOR KEEPING us waiting. AND HATING the man. IN THE general's uniform. WHO WORKED for the railroad. AND GUARDED the gate. AND NEAR the edge of the crowd. WHERE THE nice man stood. THERE WERE a couple of soldiers. ABOUT SIX foot tall. AND VERY hot. AND RIGHT beside them. THERE WAS a man. WHO HAD tried to crowd them. OUT OF the way. AND HADN'T apologized. AND ABOUT that time. THE NICE looking man. WITH THE distinguished air. PRODUCED A cigaret case. AND JUST as gracefully. AS THOUGH at his club. HE HELD it out. TO THE two soldiers. AND THEY each took one. AND HE took one himself. AND NOTHING was said. EXCEPT THEY thanked him. AND THE gates were opened. AND THEY went to the train. AND THERE was a woman. WITH A couple of grips. AND I helped her with one. BECAUSE I had a feeling. I WANTED to do something. THAT I didn't have to do. BUT THAT I ought to do. AND THE other man. HAD BEATEN me to it. WITH THE cigarets. AND THERE was nothing left. BUT THE woman's cry. I THANK you.

Letters To The Herald

UNION PAINTS STATE.

Editor El Paso Herald: In your paper of July 27, you stated in regard to the work being done on the statue of Liberty that E. C. Smith, of the painters union, would do the painting on same, and we would like you to correct this, as the building will be painted by painter, least 50% of El Paso, as a body, without charge. J. W. Carmichael, Recording Secretary.

IS FOR PROHIBITION.

Lowell, Ariz., July 27. Editor El Paso Herald: Noting Mr. Morrow's article in the Herald of the 26th inst., I desire to take issue with him. About three years ago I drove cists on oil tanks in Wyoming, and all of the same except myself were bear drinkers and lots of them were several years younger than I was, but I could outwork anyone that I had for a quarter. We drove double handed and worked by the system called bit work. We were generating through by noon and after a good meal I could have driven another bit, and the balance

was good. Four months ago, I remembered suddenly. I do not know why the recollection gave me a swift pang almost like remorse as I reflected that Mrs. Hampton loved her man child as I loved my sick little daughter.

I was letting sentimentality run away with my good sense, and I pulled myself together. "Go to sleep, my baby," I soothed, drawing the old coverlet about the child's shoulders. "If you want anything call mother."

But Lou was already asleep. Going back to my room, I put out the light and lay down. Jack asked about the child, and I told him that his regular breathing told me soon that he, too, was slumbering. Why could I not do that?

Unpleasant Thoughts. But I could not. Just as I would begin to lose consciousness, a sigh or moan from the nursery would bring me to my feet, and I would creep in to see if Lou was all right. She always was, although her hands were still hot and red, and she had a feverish glow about her face. But she complained of no pain or discomfort. I tried to say that she was "hot and sleepy."

Lying awake I tried to think of matters other than my child's trifling illness. I thought of the various good times Jack and I had had this summer, of the merry crowd who had been up here, and of some of the amusing things we had all done together. Hitherto, such reminiscences had brought a smile to my lips. Now, however, they filled me with a feeling of faint disgust.

Summer Is Wasted. The summer was gone, and what had I gained? I certainly had not rested by my journey in the country. Neither was Jack. I had flattered myself that Laketown and the life here

had been a wonderful thing for Lou. And now she was ill. I moved impatiently. She was not ill. In a day or two she would be well. I moved myself again. I would take her back to town stronger than ever when with a sinking sensation at my heart, I realized that I had been with my little girl less during the past three weeks than I had been with her during the last year. I had been with her less than I had been with her grandmother, but never of wanting me.

Again I sighed. My thoughts were not pleasant or soothing at this juncture. (To Be Continued.)

Kidd, 106, Works Farm. Bellaire, O., July 27.—William Kidd, 106, is assisting in the farm work on the Charles Reaser farm near Bellaire, O. Kidd was born during the war of 1812 and served in the Confederate Army during the civil war.

DEAR MR. KABBLE. MY FATHER BEAT UP A PRIZE FIGHTER, WHO WAS CALLING ON ME—WHAT SHALL I DO? —OLIVE BATES

GET YOUR FATHER A MANAGER, AT ONCE! JEFF

EL PASO HERALD DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE. THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 20 years; J. C. Wilmarth is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

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